

OUR DUMB Animals



SAFE UNDER PROTECTING WINGS

Louis A. Puggard



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PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Humane Work in Fez, Morocco

PERHAPS this was our happiest experience abroad, because here, in the ancient holy city of the Arab world, is the famous "Fondouk Americain," wholly financed by the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee. We wish so very sincerely that everyone who has ever contributed to this wonderful humane work could have been with us as we walked through the portal over which flies the American, the French and the Sherifian flags. It was a great experience to finally meet Mr. Guy Delon, Superintendent of the Fondouk, who is reverently called the "Doctor of the Donkeys" by all the natives.

The Fondouk (the word means stable) was spic and span, and crowded with activities. Cart horses by the dozens were in the court yard for the regular inspection—a few horses with horrible saddle sores had their injuries treated by Mr. Delon's helpers, Mohammed and Huessin. In the stables, standing on clean bedding and munching their food, were about twenty-five little donkeys. Their tails were swishing and they graciously permitted me to pet them. For once it was obvious they were happy and contented—no prodding with sharp cactus thorns (we saw one taken away from an Arab); no pointed sackcloth needles were being jabbed into raw open sores; no heavy loads on their tired backs; no beating with sticks and baling wire—just contentment, just peace, thanks to all the wonderful people in the United States who made this glorious humane work possible.

There are about 250,000 human beings in Fez and of this number fewer than 20,000 are Europeans. However, the animal population includes 77,000 donkeys, 31,000 mules, and 22,000 horses.

Our own Dr. Francis H. Rowley was the first President of the Fondouk and our Massachusetts S.P.C.A. continues to do what it can to assist with this work. All of the activities within the United States are voluntary, there being no salaried American on the payroll. Every cent raised in this country goes to Fez, to make Mr. Delon's work possible. We cannot speak too highly of this great Frenchman. He is wholly dedicated to the work of the Fondouk. He speaks Arabic fluently and he has the support of the United States and the British Consulates, of the French military authorities and, very importantly, of the Pasha of Fez.

Repairs to the buildings are very necessary at this time and additional financial support is desperately needed.

Here at the Fondouk, at Fez, is American enterprise at its best. We are not trying to buy friends. We are only trying to educate the native Arab population to respect and appreciate the value of their animals.

It must not fail for lack of support—and support is badly needed. Interested friends may mail contributions for the Fondouk to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. They will be proudly forwarded to Morocco and anyone who thus contributes will have a real part in a wonderful humane enterprise. Please help!

E. H. H.

"Pepper's" Radar

By Winifred A. Harding

OUR best friend has gone blind! For her there can be no Braille nor a Seeing-Eye dog.

It happened very suddenly and Pepper had a difficult time of it. She ran into walls, furniture and people's feet. It was really pitiful to watch. Even the voices of her loved ones confused her. Consultation with her doctor gave us little hope for future sight. Nothing could be done for the eyes, but with help and patience we could be of assistance. Six is not old for a cocker spaniel and in time she would adjust to blindness even as a human does.

We must learn to speak one at a time and in a quiet tone of voice. We must not move large pieces of furniture from their accustomed places. We must always be with her when we expect guests arriving in cars. All these things we have done and after three months, this is what is happening.

Pepper has a radar system in good working order. Approaching solid walls, or large obstacles, displaced air and sound waves bounce back at her and she will veer away from the object. In the vicinity of the stove, the heat waves warn her off and with the assistance of our feline family she rarely misses a dropped tidbit. Pam, our most aristocratic feline lady, walks out daily with Pepper, brushing close to her front legs



as though guiding the course of their walk about the farm. During resting time, she sleeps curled up on Pep's back behind the stove. Penny, the feline "femme fatale," sets up such a loud purring at meal time that it always brings Pepper out for her share. Toby is inclined to exert a heavy-handed discipline, but at that he is much more gentle with Pepper than with the female members of his family.

The greatest difference we of the family notice, is Pepper's dislike for being left alone. Before blindness, she never cared to ride in the car or objected to being left to guard the house. Now, she must go, too, else her heart is broken and she cries like a child.

Day by day she grows in confidence and we are sure that our best friend has become a little dearer for her dependence upon all of us.

Animal Symbolism

MANY terms descriptive of animal life and character have been incorporated in the lexicon of human endeavor. One often speaks of an industrious person as being "busy as a bee." Again, to us an irritable individual is as "cross as a bear."

"Motherly as a hen," "blind as a bat"; and as "cunning as a fox," are not uncommon phrases, while to be as "wise as an owl," as "graceful as a swan," or as "cheerful as a lark," are complimentary terms ever welcomed.

Richard I, of England, won the title "Lion-hearted," because of his courage. Louis VIII, of France, also gained the lion sobriquet for a like reason, as did Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, he being called "Lion of the North." Jenny Lind, the world-famed soprano, was given the endearing name of Swedish Nightingale, because of her exquisite

voice, and Georges Clemenceau, the French statesman, won the name of the Tiger, for obvious reasons.

While many a person has been described as being as greedy as a pig, as cringing as a worm, dumb as an ox, slow as a snail, obstinate as a mule, or as proud as a peacock, it seems unfair to our bird and animal friends to feature them thus symbolically, since, sad to relate, mankind's failings far exceed the advertised faults of the creatures in question.

When aping the airs, arts, and actions of lower animal life, it behooves humanity to select the noblest qualities as, for example, the fidelity of the dog, the industry of the ant, the meekness of the hare, the majesty of the eagle, the innocence of the lamb, the watchfulness of the hawk, the playfulness of the kitten, and the patience of an ox—for these are characteristics worthy of emulation.

Vicious Advertising

By Bruce Jennings

THE exhibition of wild animals for gain is little more than a base appeal to the lower aspects of human nature. It has sometimes occurred to me that the person who can relish the sight of a captive bear or coyote or puma, as the animal hopelessly and yet persistently paces its cage, is the same sort of person who can regard deformed human beings with morbid curiosity.

In our civilization we usually term the cultivation of such traits as vice, and we frequently prohibit any pandering to them in the name of public decency. In the case of our treatment of wild animals, however, we often seem to be sadly remiss, and actually permit this torture of animal life in order to please the morbidly curious, the cowardly, and the innately cruel.

While on a trip recently, I saw one of the most flagrant instances of this sort that it has ever been my misfortune to witness. A large company which operates a chain throughout that region was using captive wild animals for advertising purposes in a particularly offensive manner.

By each of the buildings, conspicuously displayed for the benefit of the passing motorist, was a cage in which were confined some wild animals. Sometimes a coyote or a brown bear was staked outside, pacing its days away wearily following a tiny circle that could only lead to madness. Sometimes an eagle was perched upon the cage, one leg securely fastened, the miserable victim of some enterprising tradesman.

It was a cruel business, I thought, and I wondered how many passing motorists were induced to stop at the sight of such entertainment. I wondered, too, if the cages were ever cleaned and how often the captives were fed and watered, and how many of them were teased into near insanity by people with a peculiarly morbid sense of humor. I wondered, also, if the individuals who could do such teasing were a whit superior to these helpless creatures.

There was something about the business that was revolting to the decent and the fair-minded and I could not find it in me to believe that the American motorist would ever let it become worth while to treat animals in such fashion. Cruelty to wild animals should never help to make an American holiday.



At a busy Kansas City intersection, Brownie took up his work with his master. He is shown here taking Mildred Turnipseed across the street.

Brownie's helpfulness and winning ways make him a—

Popular Traffic Dog

SCHOOL children in a section of Kansas City, Missouri, were rewarded for their kindness to a stray German shepherd dog which wandered into the neighborhood one day. After feeding and caring for the dog, who was then a mere puppy, the children suggested to William Henry Proper, at that time the genial traffic officer on the busy intersection which they crossed daily going to and from school, that he adopt the dog. He assented, and it wasn't long before the children had a canine pal who constantly looked after their welfare as they crossed the street.

Brownie, as he was finally named, grew more popular with the years and was named a member of the Kansas City police force for his loyal duty on the corner. He learned with no training, but simply by watching his master, to see small children safely across the street. Taking the children firmly by the hand or wrist, he looked first in both directions before leaving the sidewalk, to see that he had sufficient time to cross the street with his charges. As soon as

he saw that the way was clear, he escorted them across, allowing no one to loiter on the way. If cars were coming too close from either direction, Brownie refused, absolutely, to let the children enter the intersection.

As time went on, both adults and larger children came to depend on Brownie for getting safely across that corner. For his work in seeing one woman across the street each day, he was rewarded regularly with dog biscuits.

Usually, Brownie just supplemented the work of Officer Proper on the corner, and escorted persons across while his master watched out for careless drivers. But sometimes when Traffic Officer Proper was forced to leave the corner during an emergency, Brownie took over by himself and quite capably attended to the pedestrian traffic.

Traffic officials of the Kansas City police department felt that Brownie should really have some share of the credit for the city's fine safety record, which included no elementary children killed going or coming from school in

six years. He was given a regulation cap and badge for his work and came in for regular citations from officers for his traffic handling.

Brownie kept regular hours on the corner and never allowed extracurricular activities to interfere with his career. He went on the job at the same time as his master and didn't knock off work until he did. During the war, he took on the additional duty of selling war bonds. He would take pedestrians by the hand and lead them to the war bond booth which was located on the corner. This was another trick that wasn't taught him—he just picked it up by watching Mr. Proper do the same thing.

Brownie had a well-proportioned head and kind eyes, a black muzzle, black ears and a reddish-brown coat. Both the young and old were counted in his host of friends and he had a special liking for men in uniform, many of whom remembered him and wrote back from overseas requesting his photograph.

— Dorothy Lowry



The Bronze Bull

By Helene Hohensee

SMITHTOWN, with its settlement dating back to 1663, is one of the oldest towns on Long Island, New York, with complete records. The town comprises 56 square miles of farmlands and wooded heights. Records show that deeds were secured from the crown of England and Indians.

Historically, Smithtown is famed for its founding by Richard "Bull Rider" Smith, for whom the town is named. Smith was promised by Wyandanch, an Indian chief of the Nassaquake tribe, as much land as he could travel around in one day by riding on a bull. Shrewdly mapping out his journey, placing supplies and riding a very cooperative bull, Smith managed to encircle all of what is now known as Smithtown. Commemorating this historic settlement is the monument of a bronze bull, standing at the western intersection of routes 25 and 25A in the town.

Inscribed on the front of the monument is the following: "To Commemorate the Founding of Smithtown by Richard Smith, the Bull Rider, A. D. 1663."

Animal Psychiatrist

By L. E. Eubanks

A CERTAIN eight-year-old child had always been shy and reserved and rather sullen. Nothing would induce her to be sociable with companions, neither scolding nor cajolery was of any use, and the most friendly advances of her little playmates were repulsed. But one day someone gave her a puppy.

At first, as with all her gifts, she would have nothing to do with it, but gradually its utter helplessness and dependence on her won her heart. She started caring for it all by herself and would often be seen talking to it. Then she found that other children also had their own pets and loved them. This discovery drew her to the other youngsters as nothing else had done. Gradually she discarded her shyness and developed friendly terms with the other children.

The inferiority complex is a serious problem. Even adults find tremendous difficulties in coping with it and the child victim is helpless unless discreetly handled. The wrong course with a timid, backward child will invariably make matters worse.

With very good reasons, I say that giving such a youngster a pet is the best course parents can take—more effective than all the lectures usually inflicted on the immature mind.

Most adults have had the interesting experience of finding themselves strangely weak in the presence of certain persons, and particularly strong and capable with others. Your son of sixteen feels diffident and inefficient if you are present, but is a different person when his ten-year-old brother asks him about "life," the big world and even how to fix his scooter.

But the particularly backward child has comparisons of only one kind; he never has been with any person who gave him the slightest consciousness of independence and strength. Of course, the weakness is cumulative, the feeling of inadequacy and dread of being with other people becomes more and more pronounced. How often we hear parents lament that the backward child of twelve is more "bashful" than he was at nine or ten.

But any child will, instinctively, appreciate that he has more knowledge and initiative than a dumb animal. In the company of his pet he senses, if at no other time, that he is a leader, the "boss." All the parent has to do then is to see that the youngster uses this authority constructively—follows a course of kindness instead of being domineering and selfish.

Caring for the pet and observing its response to his interest will give even the most timid child a new viewpoint. Responsibility for a pet's welfare never fails to give a young person greater self-appreciation and self-confidence.

And, he now knows something to talk about, things about animals, to which every other child gladly listens. A more natural vehicle for acquaintance and friendship with others of his own age would be hard to find and normal aggressiveness, with the poise befitting his years, is sure to follow. Every child might well benefit from having a pet, but the backward child needs one most of all.

NOTHING COULD BE SIMPLER than giving Christmas Gift Subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* and the 1955 *Animal Calendars* to your friends. See the inside and outside of this month's back cover for details.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

USUALLY I'm glad to see the twins, Joyce and Jerry Marshall, age eight, but with a splitting headache and company coming for the weekend, it just wasn't my day to entertain small fry. But there they were, lively as a pair of Mexican jumping beans and excited over a new class that had been formed to keep young imps out of mischief during their summer vacation.

"See," said Joyce, displaying a quart jar filled with murky water and tadpoles, "these are my project for the nature study class. I'm going to put them in the aquarium at the clubhouse and we'll watch them turn into little frogs."

"And what is your subject, Jerry?" I asked, when Joyce stopped chattering.

For answer, he gave me a sly look and a pixy grin, both of which spelled trouble for somebody. "I ain't tellin'," he said, dropping to the grass to rough up Mr. Blue, "but is Mrs. Mills, the teacher, going to be surprised!"

Anticipating Mrs. Mills' amazement, he rolled on the grass laughing and thrusting with arms and legs at Mr. Blue, who was investigating something he carried in his pants pocket.

"Yes, and you're going to be sorry," Joyce told him with adult severity. "You do you-know-what, and Mrs. Mills is going to bop you."

"Y-a-a-a," leered Jerry. "She wouldn't dare. . . ."

There followed a monotonous repetition of, "Yes, she would," and "No, she wouldn't," interposed with Jerry's, "Get away, Mr. Blue! Get your big nose out of my pocket."

Two cokes and a dozen cookies later, I said goodbye to the twins and watched them go down the lane with Mr. Blue close on Jerry's heels, his interest still centered on the boy's patch pocket.

The clock was striking three when I went back into the house. I sighed. Plenty of time for a short nap before starting dinner. The screened-in porch was the coolest spot and, lying on the daybed, I closed my eyes and gradually relaxed.

Outside, Charlie, the duck, was deep in conversation with an Austra-white hen. Bees hummed in the honeysuckle and the faint cheep of young birds came from the sycamores. It was a restful day and gradually the ache over my eyes became less and less painful. I was slipping into a warm haze of slumber, when, "BANG!" the screen door quivered on its hinges and Mr. Blue, with half a yard of green snake dangling from his mouth, leaped onto the couch. Had it been a boa constrictor instead of a harmless member of the garden variety of reptile, I couldn't have been more startled.

In a panic, I scrambled over Mr. Blue and did a long jump for the back door. It was not until we met head-on at the foot of the stairs, that I was aware of Jerry Marshall and the terrible commotion he was making with lungs and fists.

"You'd better make Mr. Blue give back my snake," he screamed, tears zigzagging down his dusty cheeks. "I paid thirty-nine cents plus tax for it, and . . . Hey, Mr. Blue!"

By this time, Mr. Blue was in the middle of the lawn. He had dropped the snake and with one foot planted in its middle, was pulling off its head. Watching him, my stomach did a flip-flop. I wanted to make him stop, but to open my mouth at that moment would have been fatal. All I could do was stand there and watch him divide the reptile into very small pieces.

It was Jerry, heartbroken by his loss, who brought me back to my senses. I had watched Mr. Blue destroy a harmless creature, yet I couldn't believe it. Certainly, this monster

"Mr. Blue" Has Fun

by Ina Louez Morris



Unrepentant, Mr. Blue watches the twins depart.

couldn't be our kindhearted Mr. Blue! But there was the snake, or what was left of it, and it hadn't got that way by itself.

"Don't cry," I told Jerry. "Tell me where you got the snake and I'll buy you another, if I can."

"In the drug store," he sniffled.

"Snakes in a drug store?" Accustomed as I am to find almost anything in the local dispensary, I couldn't visualize snakes as stock-in-trade. And then I remembered seeing a display of lizards, snakes and frogs made of a green and brownish rubbery substance.

Going over to where Mr. Blue was still at work, I examined the "remains" more carefully. Sure enough, the article which Mr. Blue had destroyed, though lifelike in form and color, was manufactured.

"Thank goodness!" I breathed, feeling better about the whole thing. I paid Jerry for his loss and trouble and was starting dinner, when I recalled his plan for the toy. A moment later I was on the 'phone, dialing Mrs. Mills' number.

To her, "Hello," I said, "I've turned informer, Margaret. Jerry Marshall will bring what appears to be a live snake to class tomorrow. It's just a toy, so don't be alarmed."

We discussed Jerry for a moment or two, then I went back to work.

"Know what?" I asked Mr. Blue, giving him the cake bowl to lick, "my headache's gone. I think you and your rubber snake scared it away."

Contrary Duck

By Bessie P. Tower

SEVERAL years ago, my grandson, age nineteen, became the proud possessor of a tiny yellow duck which he forthwith named Hortense, probably much to the duckling's disgust. He had been engaged to be a counsellor in a boys' camp for a month far up in the mountains and when he left for camp he decided to take Hortense along for company. At camp, Hortense had the run of the place, but as luck would have it, there was no water nearby where she could swim. As time went on she lost her yellow feathers and became a perfect platinum blonde with a yellow bill.

At the end of the month, my grandson brought her down to our cottage on the Russian River, in California. There he put her into the river, thinking how happy Hortense would be to have a good swim at last. Believe it or not, Hortense would have nothing to do with the water. She walked right out of the river and up the beach. Somehow or other, she seemed to prefer her mountain home.

Later she was taken across the river to the deep part and there she stayed perched on the rocks partly in the water and partly out. She could swim very well when she wanted to, but she certainly did not seem to enjoy the water as one might think a duck would.

Some days later, my son, his wife and five children started up the river in two canoes. Hortense followed them until



they came to some rapids which were too shallow to paddle up. They got out to pull the canoe through the rapids and looking back saw Hortense being carried down stream. They ran to rescue her and put her on shore where she walked along watching them pull the canoes.

At the top of the rapids they got into the boats again to continue on up the river. It was then that Hortense took a flying leap and landed on the gunwale of the canoe in which the three older girls were riding. There she perched and rode for the rest of the two-mile trip up the river, sometimes hopping off into the river and then flying back to the edge of the canoe again. After a picnic lunch the two boat loads started back for the cottage with Hortense perching on the gunwale as before.

Two days later they made a trip of seven miles down the river and Hortense, an experienced traveler by now, took to her gunwale perch again for the entire trip.

Chickens Make News

By Jasper B. Sinclair

MANY a chicken that might have continued to roost in obscurity has suddenly found itself clinging to a perch in the history books—linked in some degree with a chapter, an episode or an incident in human annals.

We are reminded of this by the statue of the hen that stands in Little Compton, Rhode Island. It may possibly be the only one of its kind in the world. At least, it is symbolic of all its feathered relations.

In one instance a chicken once figured in one of this country's biggest real estate bargains. It happened on the Jersey shore, just across the Hudson River from Peter Minuit's \$24 island. Indian tribesmen traded the present site of Jersey City to white settlers for one solitary chicken.

Several chickens had the distinction of being among the first "passengers" to go aloft in a balloon. With assorted other small livestock they stayed aloft for some 45 minutes in the first successful hydrogen-filled balloon flight. It happened in France in 1783. The balloon was constructed by the Robert brothers under supervision of Jacques Charles, a Parisian scientist.

Chickens and roosters alike have figured in the colorful album of United States military insignia. This was especially true of the Army aircraft insignia of World War II days.

Little Delaware can credit this same feathered source for its official State nickname of "The Blue Hen State." It dates back to the liberty-winning days of 1776. Colonel Caldwell, commander of a Delaware brigade, always proclaimed that the blue hen's chickens were the best. It was not long before this name was applied to Caldwell's own hard-fighting brigade and finally to the State and its people generally.

Hens and chickens, of course, have been the source of a varied collection of proverbs and familiar sayings from "hen-pecked husbands" to "the chickens always come home to roost." They even fostered a political campaign slogan in this country a few years ago when one presidential aspirant promised every American family "a chicken in every pot" as a mark of prosperity.

But no one has yet solved the thousand-year-old riddle of why the chicken crossed the road. Only another chicken knows the answer and not one of them has cackled yet.

Non-Paying Customer

By P. L. Mend

THE newspapers are always full of stories about animals and their strange and interesting doings. Not long ago a newspaper related a tale about Muggsie, a dog who has since been classed as a "ride-moocher."

It seems that John Lynch, a taxi driver from Providence, Rhode Island, was nonplussed when a large boxer dog leaped into his cab just as a regular paying passenger was getting out.

"Scram," said Lynch succinctly, pointing commandingly at the door which was still open. All the response he got was the baring of the dog's teeth and an awesome growl.

Believing that discretion is still the better part of valor, Lynch, keeping carefully out of biting range, closed the cab door and drove to his regular stand

for help. There three other drivers tried to entice Muggsie from the cab by pleading, cajoling and finally, by threatening.

Muggsie just showed his teeth and growled again.

Inspired by an idea, Lynch hopped back into the cab and drove around the block. This time when he opened the door at the cab stand, Muggsie docilely jumped from the vehicle. A driver patted the dog's head and stole a look at his tag. Then Lynch called the dog's owner.

"Oh, I'm so glad you found him," Mrs. Charles Henry said. "He loves to ride so that he'll jump into about any car he sees."

Somewhat wearily, Lynch drove the dog home, climbed back into a dogless cab and returned to work—for paying passengers.

Swing Your Partners!

By Harriett Farnsworth

DO YOU know that birds have dances the same as we do? I wasn't sure of it until I caught the quail dancing and it was indeed a surprising and lovely sight. It happened not far from my cabin door near Palm Springs, California, one morning when I was setting out feed and water at the sanctuary I keep replenished for the wild life passing or pausing at my door.

Of course, every little creature that stops is a thrill, but I felt great excitement when a covey of quail took up with me, then another and another. For weeks I've been feeding my new visitors and by now they are all trustful of me, in that they pay little attention if I do not get too near them or make sudden noises. On this particular morning I sat within fifteen feet of a covey and watched them trip a lovely quadrille in an imaginary ballroom.

It all began when two bright-eyed sentinels took up their posts of duty, to be on the alert for intruders. At certain places in the outdoor ballroom, quail began tiptoeing about from opposite corners, bowing gracefully, sidestepping prettily, and bobbing their top-knotted heads to the facing partner, with every motion filled with grace and harmony. Like a square dance caller, from some unseen or unheard signal, the dancers stepped out and advanced toward their partners from diagonal corners. They bowed, they tripped, they sidestepped in short, airy and graceful steps—doing this lovely bird quadrille.

As the partners met in the center of the imaginary square, they bowed to each other in quick, little bows, then sidestepped gracefully back to the corner each had advanced from. Then, two other quail came from the other corner and advanced with the same dainty grace, pausing long enough in the center to salute each other, and then trip back to his home corner.

For a long time they did not notice me and I sat entranced with the birds and the clear, clean beauty of the morning. Then, suddenly, a twig snapped somewhere and at the sound, a sentinel sent out his shrill warning, "Took! Took! Took!" and little brown bodies disappeared under the protecting bush and became a part of the silent scenery.

The dance, I thought, of course, was over. But it was not, for I did not stir, waiting to see what had happened to frighten my friends away. So, I sat on, very still, and soon, very stealthily, the little brown revelers returned. For a moment, each stood with lifted head, bright eyes scanning the landscape. Then, sure no intruders were near, the dainty dancers resumed their former places on the outdoor dance-floor.



A sentinel who watched over the safety of the dancers.

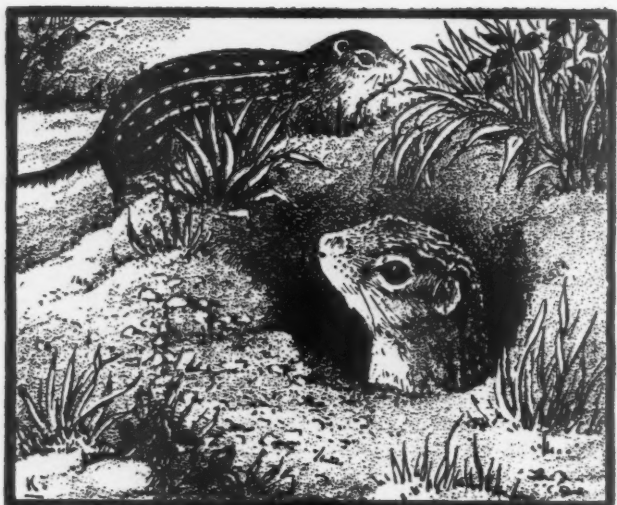
Again the couples tripped to the center, met, bowed and retreated in the same fascinating manner, every bird making perfect turns, his steps keeping time to unheard music.

For several minutes the dance continued, or until an automobile rumbled up a nearby dirt road. The two sentinels, perched higher this time, on an old log, again sent out the warning, "Took! Took! Took-a-roo!" in a short, frightened call and the little revelers froze momentarily. The ballroom became silent and suddenly as empty as though I had imagined it all.

But I had not, for my sharp eyes saw the gay little performers melt into the scenery as they became a part of it and I said, "So long, I'll watch you again, someday, I hope," and loitered back to the cabin to feed the hungry rabbits waiting for their breakfast of brown bread and cracked grain, not forgetting to put out plenty for my new friends, the quail, who will soon be bringing their new families for me to see and help feed.

Light-Minded Goose

WORD comes from Connecticut that there is a goose from that state who turns on the lights in the chicken house, much to the delight of her owners, because it saves them the trouble of turning them on in order that their chickens might get an early start at feeding, thus increasing their egg production. Every morning just before dawn, the obliging goose pulls the light cord with her beak and at night at "bed-time" she turns the lights off in the same manner.



Striped gophers, or spermophiles.

AT the first sign of cold weather, the woodchuck, ground squirrel, dormouse and many other animals disappear into some hole or shelter for a long winter sleep. Frequently these burrows possess no storerooms, and they are often abandoned when warm weather arrives.

As we study the habits of the wild life around us, we discover that many other animals dig elaborate burrows in which they live all the year round. These underground homes contain one or more storerooms, a nest or living room, and possibly a small room for a toilet at the end of some far passage.

Each burrow has two or more doors, which are usually well hidden by grasses, or by some overhanging bush. At the first sign of danger, the owner starts for his nearest door and disappears from sight.

The prairie dog makes no attempt to hide his front door. The hole to his burrow is surrounded by a mound of excavated earth which is often two feet in height and three across. The owner frequently sits on the top of this circular mound and suns himself. This mound prevents water from draining into the hole. It is also used for a "lookout-station."

Prairie dogs are sociable animals and like to live in colonies. Years ago, before our prairies were cultivated, prairie dog towns dotted the land. A few colonies still exist in certain parts of Texas, and Arizona, and also on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains.

When several prairie dogs roam about their village, eating grass or visiting their neighbors, one dog remains on his mound to act as sentry. If a fox or coyote creeps toward the colony, the watchman gives three sharp little barks and jerks his black-tipped tail up and down. At the first yap all prairie dogs stand erect, and if the warning is repeated, they race for their burrows and disappear.

But if an eagle flies over the town, the first dog that notices the feathered enemy gives a cry of alarm. This yap is repeated by all members of the colony, after which they race for their holes.

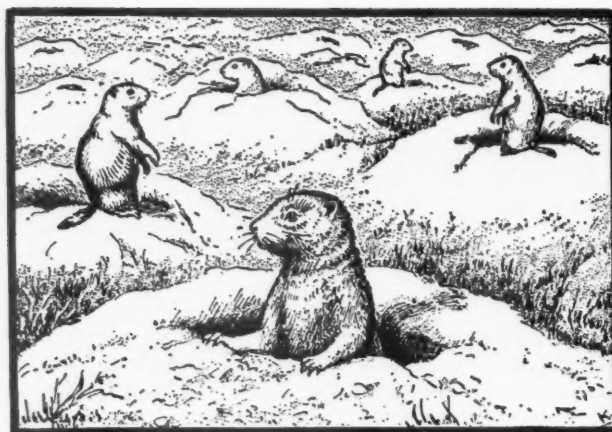
A prairie dog measures about twelve inches in length without its tail. These animals are really plump, buff-colored ground squirrels. The pioneers who traveled slowly over the prairies named them "dogs" because their yap resembled the bark of a puppy, or small dog.

The striped gopher or spermophile is also a ground squirrel.

Underground

by J. Dyer

Reproduced through the courtesy of

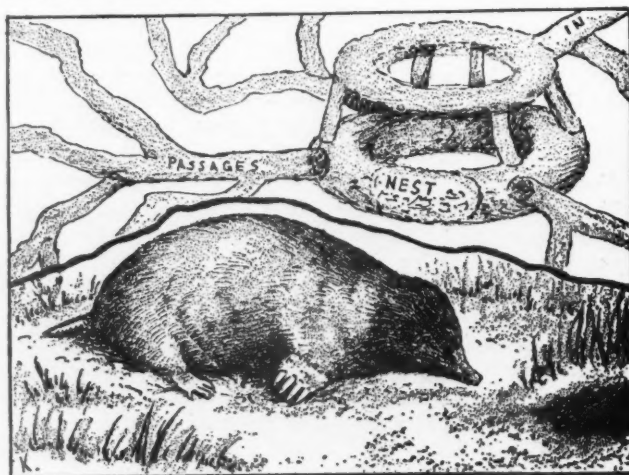


A prairie dog town.

This odd little creature still dwells on the prairies of the Middle West. There are several different kinds of gophers or ground squirrels. Most of them possess cheek pockets in which they store food while on the way to their burrows.

The striped Canadian Gopher makes its burrow on mountain slopes. These Colombis gophers live in colonies of ten to one hundred inhabitants. When alarmed, they utter chirp-like calls or whistles and dive for their holes.

During the summer months they grow very plump and before cold weather sets in they disappear into their burrows for their long winter sleep. A number of these animals have been known to spend more than half the year hibernating in their snug grass-lined nests.



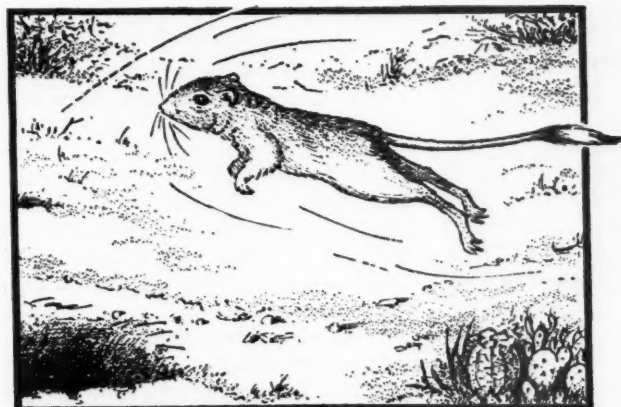
The mole and its odd-shaped burrow.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

und Shelters

Dyer Kuenstler

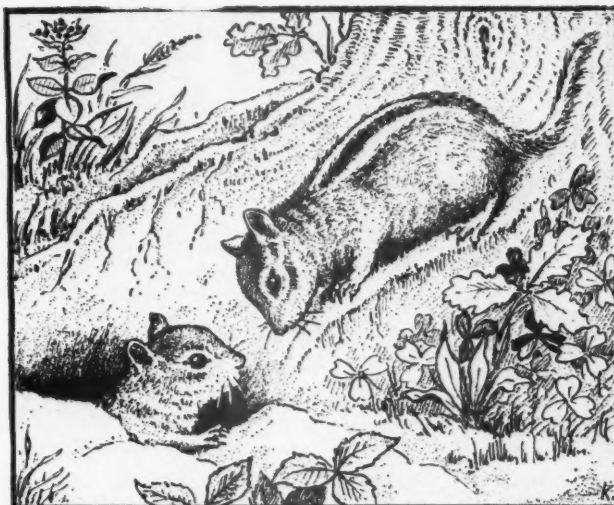
sy of American Childhood and the author.



At the first sign of danger the kangaroo rat leaps for his burrow and jumps down the mouth of his nearest front door.

Smallish slender gophers often inhabit waste ground in the Middle States. A short time ago a colony of these gophers chose a sloping railroad embankment for their town. On the north side of the embankment a highway ran parallel with the railroad, but the gophers soon got used to the noise of passing trucks and cars. People gazing out of their car windows frequently saw one or more slender gophers standing erect, glancing around at the world. However, when the rumble of an approaching train was heard, the little buff-colored creatures disappeared like magic.

The Striped Eastern Chipmunk is a frisky, gay-colored little fellow. He belongs to the squirrel family, but when alarmed he does not scamper up the nearest tree—he races toward the



Chipmunks prefer to live alone and these youngsters will soon leave their mother's burrow for holes of their own.

front door to his burrow. As soon as seeds and nuts become ripe, he spends most of his time filling his cheek pockets with food, and stacking it up in one of his underground storerooms.

He also sleeps through the winter. However, on mild days he wakes up and eats a good meal in one of his storerooms.

If you study the sketch of the chipmunk's burrow, you will notice that overlapping rocks protect one entrance from rain. The other hole comes out between the roots of the tree where the earth is high. Here all water drains downward and does not enter the mouth of the burrow.

The burrow of the kangaroo rat often measures more than 25 feet across and four feet in depth. But in spite of its large size the owner never feels satisfied with his home. He is always adding more passages and doors and plugging up old ones.

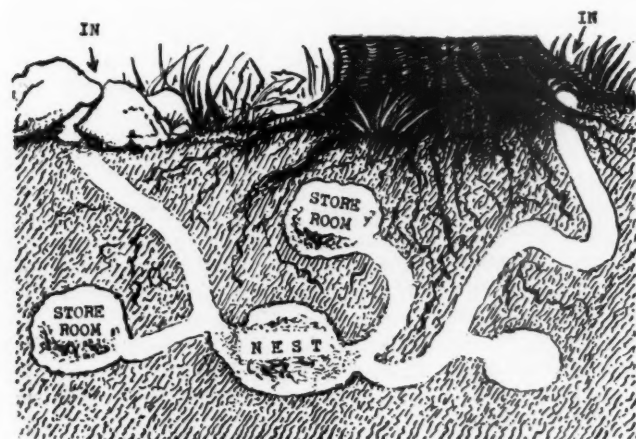
He is also known as the pocket rat, because he possesses fur-lined cheek pockets. People familiar with his habits often follow the trail of the desert rat from grassy places where he stuffs seeds into his pockets, to his burrow, which may be a quarter of a mile away. This little jumping rat lives in dry sandy districts of the West and Southwest.

Mr. Mole spends most of his life digging for worms and grubs. He is rarely seen above ground even during the spring or summer months, but out in the country the farmers find new mole hills all the time.

At a glance the mole appears to be blind and earless. However, he is neither. His tiny ears are well hidden by his soft, thick fur; and his eyes can be pushed forward when he is above ground, so that he can see clearly.

Above the picture of the mole is a sketch of his odd burrow. First Mr. Mole digs a passage about a foot into the ground, then he makes a circular room, shaped like a big doughnut. Underneath he digs another, larger circle. Here he has his den or living quarters. He connects the two circles together by several passages. Then, because he is always hungry, he digs new passages from the lower circle, in search of food. When the worms and grubs are all gone near his burrow, he moves on and digs a new one.

During the winter his burrow is five or more feet below the surface of the ground, but as soon as warm weather comes, he comes up for food, which he finds in the roots of weeds and grasses.



Rough sketch of a chipmunk's burrow.



A portrait of Nina in her early years.

Nina Goes to School

By William A. Small

I DIDN'T meet Nina at a tea party or through a mutual friend. Instead I accidentally stepped on her tail. The scene of the crime was the school corridor; the time, my first day of teaching. Nina is a fine old English Setter that personifies the familiar old strain "... and let the rest of the world roll by."

Eight years ago, Nina decided to take advantage of our public school system. She started kindergarten with her master, Billy. Nina was promoted every year without fail. When Billy moved to junior high, Nina decided it was too great a distance. Besides, she had made too many friends and the school had become for her a kind of second home. Then and there she concluded that the status quo suited her.

Nina arrives at eight-thirty, assumes her position, and watches the arriving children with a bemused expression in her deep eyes. She then goes into one of the classrooms and lies down, her ears slightly raised to show that she is listening. Recess finds her taking a constitutional through the corridor.

The twelve-fifteen bell is the signal for Nina to take her vantage point outside the cafeteria. In dog language this is a

"seat in the orchestra." The tasty morsels of hamburger, hot dog, and cookies have taken their toll. Nina's girth is visible proof that many a youngster misrepresents himself as he hands an empty plate to the dishwasher.

Along the walls of the school corridor there are innumerable pictures pertaining to past school events, graduating classes, and teachers. Yes, you have guessed it! Nina has been immortalized. Her picture, along with the others, hangs in our "hallowed hall of learning."

HOW MANY more shopping days 'til Christmas? There is still time for you to order subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, the gift that comes twelve times a year.

As you probably know, individual subscriptions cost \$1.50, and in groups of five or more there is a special rate of \$1.00 each.

If you wish us to send gift cards, we can guarantee that they will arrive by Christmas only if your order is received by November 15th. So send in now for a wonderful gift.

Royal Privileges for a Spaniel

By Jasper B. Sinclair

A JUROR recently entered a court of law in London, England. At his heels trotted a King Charles spaniel. The juror was promptly threatened with proceedings for contempt of court.

Unabashed by the display of judicial wrath, the juror kept his head and insisted that he had a legal right to bring his dog into court if he wished. To the justice sitting on the bench he furnished ancient testimony to confirm this right.

Under a charter granted by King Charles II, the King Charles spaniel has the privilege, never revoked, of visiting any English courtroom as well as attending any Privy Council meeting. If one of the breed scratches at the gates of Buckingham Palace, the royal residence, the dog must be admitted. Thus, a monarch bestowed certain royal privileges on the dog that became his royal namesake.

In London, horse guards, needed to safeguard the king in the 17th century, are still stationed in front of Whitehall because no subsequent command has ever been given for their removal. In such a place the old charter relating to spaniels has far more force than it would have in America.

Needless to say, the juror with the knowledge of ancient legal lore was permitted to keep his King Charles spaniel in court.

May Freedom Dwell

By May Gibson Sherbakoff

*The world beyond my window is a wide,
green cage*

*All doors unbarred. Here, bright
hued wing*

*May dip into leaf coolness to depart
at will;*

*Here, squirrel, lithe and unafraid, may
swing*

*From slender hickory tip to frill
Of hemlock-acrobat on sunlit stage.*

*From deep within the fastness of this
harborage*

*Comes wistful call of dove, comes ring
Of fluted chime set free by thrush at
noon; at still*

*Of midnight, all the melodies of spring
Cascade into a golden spill
Of song, the mockingbird's own heritage.*

*For makers of such wild sweet minstrelsy
May freedom ever dwell in bush, in tree.*

Velvet Likes Quiet

By Gladys Mraz

MY son brought her home in a crab basket. He had found her on the causeway, dashing in front of cars to capture an unwanted fish that someone had thrown away. When he put her down on the kitchen floor, I said, "No." She was a mangy, scrawny feline. But just then one of those huge spiders common to southern Florida started out of a corner. For some reason, I have always considered spiders my mortal enemies. In a split second that spider was a mass of flying legs and the triumphant kitten had backed into the corner, guarding her prize and spitting defiance at us. I said, "Yes."

What foresight prompted us to call her Velvet I will never know. Certainly when we first saw her, Rags would have been a more appropriate name. However, cat food, liver, fish, and canned cream gave her a coat that gleamed like polished ebony and two clear emeralds for eyes. She walked with the grace and assurance of a panther. But she uttered no sound. Somewhere in her wild, live-as-live-can babyhood she had lost her voice.

She grew to medium sized adulthood and became the mother of four beautiful kittens. Two were tigers, one all black and the fourth was black with a white vest and four white paws. She was a good mother, quiet by necessity and dignified by nature.

The kittens grew and became independent of their mother. In the meantime we had acquired two more tramp cats that we called Calico and Cotton. Velvet seemed to resent all these additions to the family and one day she disappeared. A few days later we found that she had moved across the street to



After a few weeks of good care, Velvet began to live up to her name.

a neighbor's. Their only pet was an old, white, deaf dog. The quietness seemed to satisfy Velvet.

Then the plague struck, cat fever. I knew that dogs sometimes get distemper. I did not know that the nine-lived cat is subject to any epidemic. One morning a neighbor's prize Persian was found dead on the doorstep. The next morning Calico was gone, then Cotton. I called the SPCA man and he picked up the sick kittens to dispose of them mercifully.

I washed and boiled the cat dishes and placed them, with two unopened cans of cat food, in the kitchen sink cupboard. To say that I did this dry-eyed would be far from the truth.

The ensuing silence was awesome. No gentle slurps of pink tongues lapping milk. No loud purrings under the kitchen stove. No kittens climbing the screen yowling for their meal. No cat fights at night. The birds were even more quiet for there were no tree-climbing cats to

send them into erratic flights and screechings.

A week of this silence and I decided that I was developing a case of nerves. One morning, while sewing in the living room, I was sure that I heard gentle scratchings at the back door. Tiny ghost claws, no doubt, to keep me company. However, the scratchings became louder and less patient. I dropped my sewing and ran to the kitchen. There was Velvet. I got out the dishes, the food, the cream, and set a banquet. She had been away six months. I had suspected that she was alive because by some queer quirk of nature the cats across the street had not been infected by the fever.

Every day I thought she would return to her foster home. But she stayed on. As she lay aloof on the opposite arm of the sofa, or on the white fuzzy rug that was such a compliment to her blackness, I wondered what had made her come back. This I know: brain she had, and reason she did.

We STILL Need Bedding

YES, WE DO! It's not that we are wasteful, or that no one responded to our previous appeal, because many generous persons did and we are extremely grateful to them. No, the reason we need still more discarded cloth (cottons, woolens, and linens) is because our need for this material, as we have said before, is *continual*.

When you consider that we accommodate almost 450 *animal patients*, you will realize what an enormous amount of bedding it takes each day to keep these patients warm and comfortable in their cages. To be sure, some of this material can be laundered and re-used,

but eventually it wears out and must be thrown away. In addition, much bedding must be burned, especially after use in wards where highly contagious diseases, such as distemper, are treated.

Won't YOU search your attic and cellar for trunks and closets where you may have stored away old blankets and sheets, or other soft material that you no longer need? Please gather up all you can find and send it to the:

**Angell Memorial Animal Hospital
180 Longwood Avenue
Boston 15, Massachusetts**

Every package will be most gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

Off the Record

NOT too long ago, two of our agents spent the morning in court, helping bring the Commonwealth's case against a man, who threw a dog thirty feet to the ground, to a successful conclusion. After hearing the evidence, the district judge found the defendant guilty as charged and fined him \$50.00, which he paid.

Reports from Our Agents

Being informed that a dog was kept tied in a small room, day and night, one of our agents called on the owner. There he found the dog had been given away as soon as the owner realized he did not have a proper place to keep a dog. The complainant was asked to notify our agent if the man should get another dog.

Ignorance of fire prevention practices causes an \$800,000,000 loss yearly in livestock, farm buildings, and racing stables, according to John C. Macfarlane, our Director of Livestock Conservation, in a new **FREE** pamphlet, **FIRE IN THE BARN**, available at the Massachusetts SPCA. Shown discussing the leaflet with Mr. Macfarlane (left), is Mr. Tobe Deutschmann, owner of Indian Hill Farms, Canton, Mass.



Society and

Valuable Contacts For Closer Co-operation

THE Director of our Livestock Conservation department, John C. Macfarlane, has made his presence felt in the livestock field. For instance, he has been elected a member of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee of Livestock Conservation, Inc., of Chicago, Illinois. Also, he was appointed to serve on two committees within this organization, the Land Grant College Committee and the Administrative Committee.

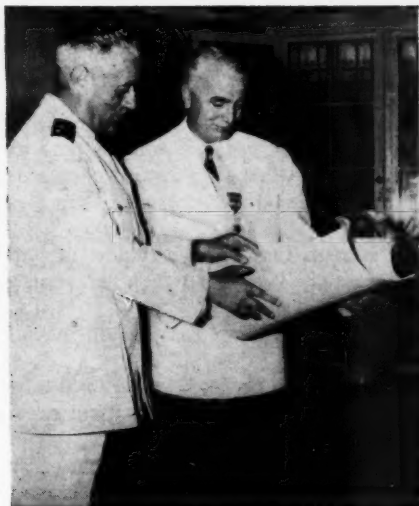
Recently, he was elected to the Board of the Eastern Massachusetts Agricultural Fairs Association, and now serves as a member of its Executive Committee.

We feel that this type of public relations will aid in bringing about a healthier and more humane understanding and appreciation of New England's livestock agriculture.



Mr. Herman N. Dean (right), Chief Prosecuting Officer for our Massachusetts SPCA, is shown receiving from Thomas O'Toole of Belmont, a pair of cat tongs, which were made for the Society at the Belmont Vocational High School, where O'Toole is a student. The tongs are especially designed for rescuing cats from unusual places, such as between building walls, where it is possible to break through and grasp the animal with the padded tongs, and for protecting the rescuer in cases where the cat is badly injured or frightened and attempts to bite and claw.

Service News



DURING the early part of June, our President, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, reached Fez, French Morocco, on his tour of Europe and the Mediterranean. As he states in his editorial this month, Dr. Hansen greatly enjoyed his visit to the "Fondouk Americain," the only humane organization in a foreign country which is wholly supported by American generosity. All funds collected in Ameri-



Dr. Hansen in French Morocco

ca by the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee are sent to M. Guy Delon, the dedicated Frenchman who is Superintendent of the Fondouk, to carry on his splendid work. Dr. Hansen has nothing but praise for M. Delon's great accomplishments, but additional donations are sorely needed.

In the picture above, (left to right) Supt. Guy Delon and Dr. Hansen are shown with His Excellency Si Mohammed Tazi, the Pasha of Fez and dis-

tinguished patron of the Fondouk, in His Excellency's palace, where they were honored at a mint tea.

The government of French Morocco also honored our President. In the picture at the left, General Laparra (left), of France, has just awarded Dr. Hansen the Officer's Cross of the French Moroccan Order of *Ouissam Alaouite Cherifien*, an order which originated in 1660, and is showing him the citation which accompanies the decoration.

Busiest Place in Town

From the "Vineyard Gazette", Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts

THE busiest place in town, bar none, is the Edgartown shelter of the Massachusetts SPCA. As if it weren't enough for the overworked staff, consisting of Dr. W. D. Jones, George (Sonny) Jackson, Jr., and Miss Jean Gilluly, to take care of scores of dogs and cats, keep their quarters in immaculate condition, feed them, bathe them, nurse them, operate on them sometimes, cut their nails, wipe their noses, exercise them, play with them, comfort the homesick, find homes for the abandoned, there is the telephone, always the telephone!

Even the phone company agrees with the verdict which this scribe has brought

in, that no one, not even the busy doctors, the crowded hospital, or the stores which provide delivery service, has such a constant ringing of the phone, all day long. Although the hours when the staff is available are plainly designated on the sign and in the ad, no one pays much attention to that.

If Tommy Cat has a stomach ache, his symptoms must be described in detail, if Laddie or Buster or Pal Dog is off his feed, or indeed if he is seriously ill, or the victim of an accident, the phone rings on. Advice by the thousands of words is meted out generously and helpfully. Much of it is for free, too, and in addition there's a large mixture of sym-

pathy and understanding, also for free.

If anyone wonders why the SPCA is seeking funds to keep it going, a fifteen-minute visit to the shelter, or an effort to break in on the busy phone, will give you an idea. Have YOU sent your contribution?

WARNING! Our Animal Calendars for 1955 are selling faster this year than ever before; we've already sold well over 2/3 of our stock. See the outside back cover for details and a handy order coupon, and get your order off today!

CHILDREN'S



—Photo by Eaton Cromwell

It's washday, and the question is: "Who put the mud in Miss Murphy's washing?" The gentleman in the fur coat has a very guilty look, we think.

Stretching Her Luck

By Judy Bigelow (11)

FE FE is my cat's name. She is three colors: orange, black and white. She is playing all the time.

One day I let her go on our porch. We live in a three-storey house. After a while I looked out on the porch, but Fe Fe was nowhere in sight!

I ran onto the porch to have a better look and when I looked down three stories, I saw Fe Fe playing around downstairs. She must have jumped.

Well, my cat has only eight lives left, as the old saying goes.

Midnight, Mother, and Me

By Richard LoBrutto (8)

I HAVE a cat. Her name is Midnight. She loves me and my mother so much. One night I took her to bed with me. I said my prayers and then put the kitten on the pillow and I turned my back to her face. I guess she was scared, so she put her paw on my back just as much as to say, "I'm scared." I turned my back again and she put her paw on my back again. So then I went to sleep. And Midnight went downstairs. And that's not all.

Every morning, when my mother lets her up from the cellar, she follows my mother all around. Then when my mother picks her up, she kisses my mother and hugs her.

Kindness Is a Debt!

By Nancy Burhoe (13)

YOU should be kind to animals because animals play an important part in our lives. What would some people do without the watchdog, the Eskimo sled dog, the "see and eye" dog, etc.?

Dogs are not the only animals that play an important part in our lives. What about cats? Cats catch annoying mice, and also scare rats away.

What about horses that people ride, or that star in movies and even carry heavy loads?

Now you see we owe it to them to be kind, to feed and take care of them. Most animals don't need much care, but some people don't give them the little care they do need.

Birds also are very helpful, for instance, the birds that carry important messages, the ones that eat harmful insects and bugs, etc.

If you are kind and good to animals, they like you, and I think that's a good enough payment for so little.

Oops-a-Daisy!

By Pauline Ewig (8)

MY dog's name is Sparkle. She is black and white, with freckles on her nose.

Last week I was playing with my friends when my mother let my dog out to play. I was jumping rope and my dog jumped in, too. She jumped with me four times and then she made me miss. I fell and landed in a mud puddle!

"Pal O' Mine," faithful friend of Mrs. Carlton A. Rowe of Milton, Mass. This beautiful, five-gaited saddle horse lived to be more than 34 years old.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

PAGES

Two Lucky Pups

By Janet Wiancko (11)

ONE day Jeanne and I went with Karen, Fiona, and Judy Swanson to take some berries down to a neighbor's. When we were almost to the main road, we saw what we thought were two baby kittens, but when we got to the road we discovered they were two little fluffy puppies.

We delivered the berries to Ellen's. Then we asked Mildred if the puppies were their's, because their dog had had puppies about two weeks before. She said, "No, they aren't ours." So we took the puppies home with us.

Karen, Fiona, and Judy said they wanted one of the puppies. We asked their mother and she said no. So Jeanne and I took them both home and kept them.

The Low-Down on Ignatz

By Meredith McLeavy (12)

THIS is a picture of my cat, Ignatz, playing with the water. That's how he tells me when he's thirsty. He's a partly Siamese cat. That means his mother was a Siamese cat, but his father wasn't. That's why he doesn't look like one, but he sure acts like one.

When he meows, he sounds like he's talking. If we don't give him his own way, right away, he'll follow us right into the next room, meowing. It sounds like he's scolding us.

We read in a Siamese cat book that you should feed a Siamese cat some of the things that you eat. These are some of the funny things that Ignatz eats: liver, chicken soup, a couple of baked beans (sometimes), brown bread, a little piece of doughnut, a little piece of cake, vanilla pudding, egg with a little milk mixed with it, scrambled eggs, American cheese, and a little bit of vanilla cookie.



November 1954

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLE: Across—1. mask, 5. pies, 7. ye, 8. Lt., 10. peas, 12. tis, 13. not, 15. in. Down—2. apples, 3. si, 4. key, 6. sea, 9. tan, 10. pin, 11. so, 12. ti, 14. try.

Heigho-ho! Come to the FAIR!

We mean ANIMAL FAIR, of course, our Tuesday night TV show, where, with John Macfarlane as host, appear many of his fascinating friends of the animal world. You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and facts he has to tell.

The meeting-place is Channel 4, WBZ-TV, and the time is 6:15 - 6:30 P.M. every Tuesday.

Won't YOU be there?



ACROSS

1. BLACK.
5. 5.
7. TALL WADING BIRD.
8. NEAR.
10. SOUND OF LAUGHTER.
11. 11.
13. EXTREMELY COLD.
15. LION'S HOME.
16. BY BIRTH.

DOWN

1. PERIOD OF TIME.
2. 2.
3. NOT SHUT.
4. NORTH EAST - (INITIALS)
6. FREE FROM DANGER.
7. PART OF FACE BELOW MOUTH.
9. 9.
12. SHORT FOR "I WOULD".
14. OLD WAY OF SAYING "YOU".

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

One Good Turn

By H. N. Ferguson



Old Ruff looks almost angelic when he's resting up between bouts.

WE have a dog of indeterminate genealogy named Old Ruff. The other day he went off on a jaunt of his own and wound up in the canine bastle at the city pound. My wife went down to bail him out.

After paying his fine, she escorted him to the car, but before they reached it,

Old Ruff entered into combat with another dog that had ventured too close to him.

My wife finally got the pair separated and with growing disgust dumped Old Ruff into the back of the car. She was no more than seated behind the wheel when she became aware that the strange dog had also managed—somehow—to climb aboard and the two animals were mixing it up again.

Displaying marked agility, my exasperated wife vaulted over the back of the seat, got a headlock on Old Ruff and finally managed to put the challenger out the door. Then, a bit disheveled, the referee again settled herself behind the wheel and paused for a moment to repair her makeup.

At this moment a kindly citizen chanced by and, noticing a dog apparently begging to be let into the car to join his playmate, obligingly opened the door.

The little woman was just pressing the starter when the battle was joined anew. She cut the motor, sent the helpful gentleman a look that should have dropped him in his tracks, and, with a deadly glint in her eye, entered the fray for the third time.

The Good Samaritan beat a hasty retreat.

Forecasters in Feathers

By Jasper B. Sinclair

SOME people will not believe that birds can sense changes in the weather. But if the birds can regulate their migratory movements to the changing seasons, there is no reason why they cannot foretell changing weather as well.

Different feathered species have been accepted as accurate weather forecasters in many lands down through the centuries. For one thing, it is commonly believed that whenever sea birds start swooping in over the land, stormy weather is due at sea.

The shrill cries of the bird commonly called the "rain crow" in some parts of the United States are supposed to foretell rain. The mere fact that the rain crow is really a species of cuckoo instead of a crow does not lessen its ability to forecast umbrella weather.

Both cuckoos and crows were once

widely accepted in Europe as accurate forecasters of rain. There was even a popular superstition at one time that spells of rainy weather could be traced directly to the cuckoo clocks and their *mechanical cuckoos*.

The crow, however, is not always a harbinger of rain. It has been said that when you see flocks of crows perched on treetops all chattering softly among themselves, then you may expect fine weather.

Fine weather can also be expected whenever the swallows are flying high. But when they start flying close to the ground, rain is not far off.

Even the barnyard hens have their place among the forecasters with feathers. Stormy weather is said to be coming whenever you see the hens rolling in the dust, and going to roost later than usual.

The Polite Puppy

By Myrtle G. Burger

Gray Pussy stood by the door and cried; She wanted so much to go outside. Candy, the pup, lay curled in a chair, Sleepy and comfortable there.

When Pussy would mew with a plaintive sound, Candy would rise and peep around. "For pity's sake," he seemed to say, "Can't a fellow get any quiet today?"

Pussy kept mewling more and more, But no one came to open the door, Till Candy jumped down from the chair at last And ran to the door which was shut so fast.

He pushed his paws against it hard And let Gray Pussy out into the yard. What a kind and thoughtful deed was that, For a pup to do for a pussy cat!

Friends in Need

By Fern Berry

SHABBY" is the mascot of a Pontiac, Michigan, boy's club. On a recent Monday evening, Shabby was hit by an automobile, and four boys found him lying in the street, his left foreleg useless. Two policemen said that Shabby would have to be shot within a half hour if he was still suffering.

But the boys had other ideas. They tenderly carried Shabby to their club's first aid room. They grabbed their first aid and anatomy books, and called their physical education instructor, Mike Fiorillo. Mike was not at home, but he came as soon as he got the message.

Then, they called a veterinarian. Over the phone he told the boys that their dog had a broken leg. But Shabby, in pain and considerably shaken up, wouldn't let anyone touch his leg. One boy went running to the drugstore and brought back a sedative to ease Shabby's pain. Now the instructor and the boys, using the books as a guide, were able to set the broken bone and put a splint on it.

In a few days, Shabby was able to scamper about, and a veterinarian told the boys that he couldn't have done a better job himself!



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2. Our **CARE OF THE CAT** filmstrip will cover the needs of classrooms, Junior Humane Society programs or Scout merit badge study. A 35 mm. black-and-white filmstrip of 28 frames, it comes complete with instruction manual and script.

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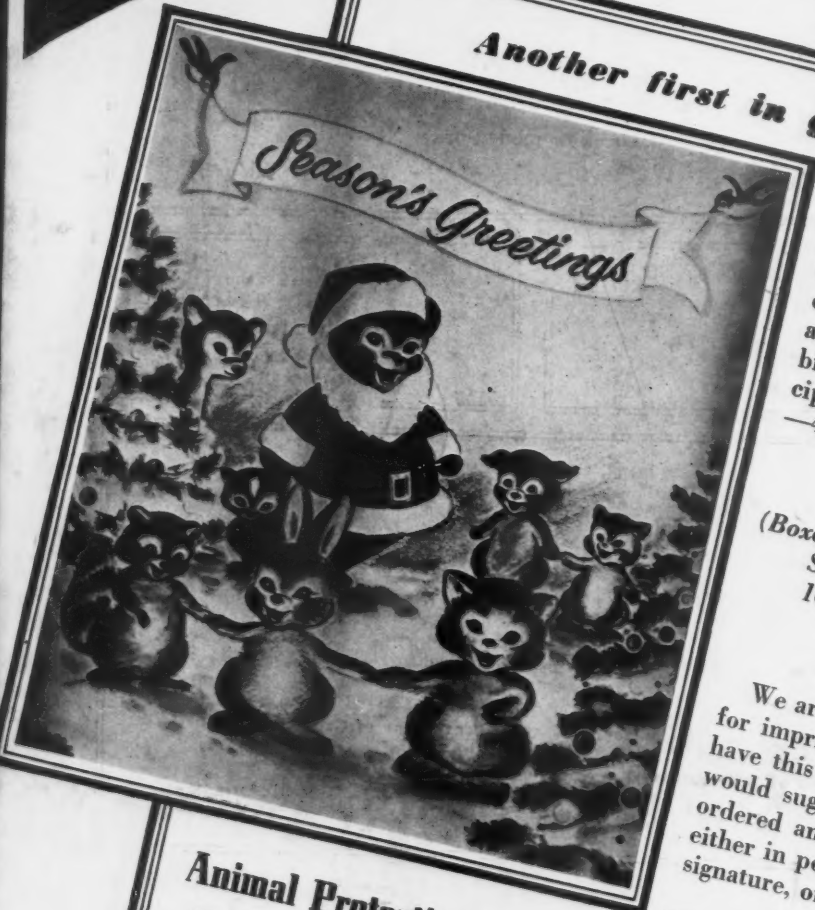
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